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FRONTISPIECE.

"He had wantonly thrown a ſtick at him, which ſo provoked the animal that he inſtantly turned & ſeized him by the leg."

JAMES MANNERS,

LITTLE JOHN,

AND THEIR

DOG BLUFF.

——Dogs are honeſt creatures,
Ne'er betray their maſters,
Nor fawn on thoſe they love not.

BY

ELIZABETH HELME, JUN.

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PREFACE.

IN writing the following ſheets, I have endeavoured to delineate the ill effects of falſe indulgence, by which all due reſpect to parents is deſtroyed, and children led to conſider themſelves as the *firſt object*, become diſcontent with every thing around them, troubleſome to others, and weariſome to themſelves. As their years increaſe, the evil becomes more ſerious, for, being accuſtomed to unlimited gratification, they ruſh, with the warmth and inexperience of youth, into the vortex of vice and folly, which is ever ready to overwhelm the imprudent and unwary. Yet, however plunged in error, I have wiſhed to inculcate, that an exertion to return to virtue is praiſe-

worthy,

worthy, and muſt, if perſevered in, be crowned with ſucceſs.

In humble life, in the character of John, I have made the contraſt: educated under proper ſubordination, he is ſatisfied with all around him, a comfort to his parents, and an honour to ſociety; for, as riches cannot make a man *reſpectable* who is deſtitute of virtue, ſo neither can poverty *degrade* a truly upright mind.

JAMES

JAMES MANNERS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN a diſtant part of England dwelt Sir James Manners, a gentleman more diſtinguiſhed for his wealth than for any active virtues he had to recommend him: near to him reſided honeſt Richard Sutton, a poor farmer, for ſurely he may be termed ſo, who only rented land to the yearly value of twenty pounds; yet when the peace and content

which he enjoyed are thrown into the ſcale, he was a much richer man than his neighbour.

The good qualities of Lady Manners (for Sir John was married) were merely nominal; ſhe was a tolerable wife, a tolerable miſtreſs, a tolerable houſewife; and to complete all, was tolerably good to the poor; that is, ſhe relieved them with a few pence, and ordered them to quit the pariſh, under pain of puniſhment; whereas, had they been employed on Sir John's eſtate, which had ample room for improvement, it might, perhaps, not only have enriched him, but alſo much benefited the pariſh; for induſtrious inhabitants muſt indubitably

dubitably render the ſpot where they dwell wealthy.

As Mary Sutton (for Richard was likewiſe married) was a perſonable woman, and happened to lie in a fortnight before Lady Manners, ſhe was choſen to wet-nurſe the child; a ſtep to which Richard conſented with ſome difficulty, yet he would not ſuffer her to wean her own; ſaying, that though Sir James had not influence enough to make *his* wife do her duty, he regarded himſelf ſo far a party, as to inſiſt on his wife fulfilling *her's*; and which, as ſhe was in good health, ſhe made no difficulty of complying with.

Lady Manners was ſo well ſatis-

fied

fied with Mary Sutton's care, that James was not taken home when he was weaned, but continued at the farm to be nurſed.

Nothing material occurred till the lads attained their fourth year, both ſtout and hearty; though Maſter James was far from being ſo orderly a child as John, for, being accuſtomed to be gratified in all his whims, he could not endure the leaſt contradiction, his mother having ordered that he ſhould not be vexed on any account.

Little John, on the contrary, was by his father kept under that proper ſubordination, ſo eſſential to his future happineſs. "*You* are no gentleman, however." ſaid Richard Sutton,

Sutton, one day when he reproved him for ſomething he had done wrong; "and if you do it again, I ſhall certainly correct you; I will bring you up to keep your paſſions in order, for it is not for poor folks to let them get the upper hand; and, with all due ſubmiſſion to Lady Manners, if ſhe were to think a little in the ſame way, it would not be much amiſs, for her falſe tenderneſs may hereafter prove a ſcourge for her folly.

Richard Sutton not only gave his ſon good advice, but ſet him a good example, and gave him as good an education as moſt farmers' ſons.

CHAPTER II.

SHORTLY after James was four years old, he was taken home to the manſion. His diet at the farm had been wholeſome and invigorating, at home his appetite was pampered, and his conſtitution enervated; he cried for ſweetmeats until they cloyed his ſtomach, and made his teeth ache; and then cried from pain, which prevented his ſleeping. In his ſtudies he was, however, a good boy; and, no doubt, had his education been under proper reſtraint, he would have grown up a virtuous man; but ac-

accuſtomed to command his utmoſt wiſhes, he knew no control, and would, when fatigued with his amuſements, ſit down and weep that he could not deviſe new ones.

One day, when he was about eight years old, having played at ball, on the green, till he was weary, he began crying, at which moment little John came by; "What's the matter," ſaid the honeſt lad; "has any of the big boys uſed you ill? if they have, tell me; I am ſtronger than you, and will make them remember it."

"No, no," ſaid James; "no one has hurt me, but I am ſo tired, and the weather is ſo hot, that I do not know

know what to do with myſelf; I wiſh it were always winter."

"Always winter!" repeated John with aſtoniſhment, "what would become of us if it were?—why we ſhould have no corn for bread, no hay for the cattle, no apples for cyder, nor any vegetables for our dinners. I wonder, Maſter James, you can be ſo wicked!—How kind is Providence to ſend us ſuch beautiful weather, that brings every thing to perfection, and how trivial the inconvenience of a little heat to the many bleſſings it ſpreads arounds us!"

James, aſhamed to be thus rebuked by a poor lad, who had no education but what the village

ſchool

ſchool could beſtow, had however too much good nature and friendſhip for his foſter-brother to anſwer petulantly, and therefore replied, "I don't mean that, for all I ſaid it in a pet, for I hate winter, for then one can't ſtir abroad without the coach, and I would as ſoon ſtay at home."

"Stay at home! for why?" ſaid John; "the coach, I think, muſt be very fine; but, as you ſay, I think I ſhould rather walk, becauſe I don't like to be mewed up in ſuch a cloſe place: then, if Sir James were to buy you ſuch a nice, thick pair of ſhoes as father bought me laſt winter, you need not mind the ſnow and rain a farthing: beſides, when

when you remember, that rain prepares the earth for ſeed, the froſt prevents it's too quick growth, and the ſnow keeps it warm; I'm ſure you muſt like it as well as I do. Beſides, when it is froſty, you need only walk the faſter; or when it rains, as you are tender, dry your coat, and there is no harm done; for my part, it never hurts me, but makes me as hungry as a hunter."

"It is well for you," ſaid James; "for my part, I have no appetite, and nothing at our houſe taſtes nice: we had ten diſhes to-day, for I dine with mamma, and though I taſted all, I could not make a meal of one."

"Ten

"Ten diſhes!" replied Jack, with aſtoniſhment; "ſure you had the Lord Mayor, from London, to dine with you, and, perhaps, was aſhamed to eat before him. I wiſh you had come to father's, we had a nice piece of fat bacon and cabbage, and yeaſt dumplins; if you will go home with me, I dare ſay there is ſome left in the cupboard."

James felt no inclination to accept this kind invitation, but refuſed, ſaying, he was ſo tired, he would return home, and go to bed.

How ſtriking a difference had education made between theſe two boys! Though both were naturally good, affluence and indulgence had

had rendered the one uncomfortable to himſelf, and diſagreeable to others, for he was never ſatisfied; he eat of various diſhes, until the mixture made him ſick, and played until what was meant for amuſement became a fatigue, and ſuppoſed that even the ſeaſons ſhould be ſubſervient to his caprice. The ſummer vexed him with its heat, the winter with its cold, regardleſs of the goodneſs and wiſdom of the Almighty, in the diſtribution of both.

Not ſo John Sutton: his father's table could indeed boaſt but little variety, yet temperance, joined with exerciſe, procured him an excellent appetite. During the day

he was conſtantly at ſchool; play, in the evening, was therefore a proper relaxation, and ſufficient to amuſe without fatigue. Like his father, he was contented; for children naturally imbibe the opinions of their parents; and for the mere inconvenience occaſioned by either heat or cold, he never conceived himſelf material enough in the great ſcale of creation to be conſidered.

CHAPTER III.

THE only relation James poſſeſſed, who would have educated him properly, was an uncle, who openly found fault with the manner in which he was ſuffered to act. "Let him riſe," ſaid Captain Manners, "at ſix, and ride or walk until eight, and he will return with an appetite, I warrant you; then give him an hour to breakfaſt, and exerciſe with his friends; let from nine till half after one be devoted to learning, at which time let him dine; and after ſome ſhort recreation within doors, return to his ſtudies,

ſtudies, which may be rendered agreeable by variation, and occaſionally introducing geography, drawing, &c.; after five, let the evening be devoted to play, which will be quite ſufficient, and inſtead of being a fatigue, will then be really pleaſure. In the winter, when the weather permits not exerciſe out of doors, there are plenty of entertainments at home, even if we ſet aſide books, which certainly afford the moſt permanent amuſement."

This advice was totally repugnant to Lady Manners; for James would have cried, had he been forced to riſe at ſix, he therefore lay till eight, then crept about, half

half aſleep, until nine, never taking a book in his hand the whole day, except it was his own inclination: thus, had he not poſſeſſed a natural love of learning, he would have been an abſolute dunce.

Captain Manners left his brother's houſe to go on a voyage, when James was about ten years old, or his conſtant perſeverance might have effected ſome change; but, previous to this, an event happened, which it is neceſſary to relate.

Captain Manners chanced to be reading in a ſummer-houſe, on the confines of the park, which had a window that looked into the green, where James uſually played, and

where

where he could hear and ſee him, without being diſcovered, it being ſhaded by Venetian blinds. James had met with little John, and they had for ſome time amuſed themſelves by playing at marbles, in which game John had been ſo ſucceſsful, that his opponent, in a paſſion, challenged him to play for ſixpence.

"Not I, indeed," replied John; "I have only one penny, and I will not throw it away in gambling; I don't want to win your money, and I am ſure you are too rich to want to win mine; beſides, my father has forbidden me to play for money."

"Pſhaw! your father will never know it; I will play you ſixpence to your penny; for if I play for money, I think my luck will turn."

"It will be known, if my father don't know it," replied John; "ſo, indeed, I can't play; and, beſides, I hate it, it ſeems ſo greedy to wiſh to win from one's playfellow."

"It's only fear makes you ſay ſo," anſwered James; "you are too cowardly to play even for a paltry penny againſt ſixpence; and I am a fool to play with ſuch mean boys, which, as mamma ſays, are greatly beneath me."

"Indeed," ſaid Jack, "you are right, I do fear to loſe my penny, which might be better employed; but

but as for calling me a coward, you ſhould not dare to do that, were you like myſelf; then, for not playing with ſuch mean boys, I think you are quite right; though if you wiſh to win their money, you ſurely are as mean as they."

As John concluded, he turned to leave him, for he well knew his father would be offended, ſhould any quarrel happen between them.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN was neither out of ſight nor hearing, when James gave a loud ſcream. The moment John had left him, a large Newfoundland dog paſſing by, he had wantonly thrown a ſtick at him, which ſo provoked the animal, that he inſtantly turned and ſeized him by the leg, which he held ſo firmly, that his efforts to ſhake him off were unavailing, and he was neceſſitated to have recourſe to cries for aſſiſtance.

Captain Manners, who had obſerved the whole ſcene between his nephew

nephew and John, ran at the firſt alarm of danger, but did not arrive until his nephew was releaſed; for John, at the firſt outcry, ran back, regardleſs of the affront he had received, graſped the dog by the throat, and diſengaged the terrified James.

"I hope you are not hurt," ſaid the good boy: "I could not have believed Farmer Giles's Bluff would have been ſo ill-natured; ſurely ſomething muſt have provoked him, for he is as gentle as a lamb.

At this moment Captain Manners reached them, who having ſtripped down James's ſtocking, perceived the injury to be ſo trifling, that he was perfectly relieved from

from apprehenſion; particularly as the dog was fawning on John, and courting play, by bringing ſtones, and laying them at his feet.

"Go, go," ſaid John, putting back Bluff with his hand; "I do not like croſs dogs; I hate ſpite."

"Did the dog ſeize you without cauſe?—had you given him no offence?" ſaid Captain Manners.

James, for a minute, felt too much confuſed to reply; he knew himſelf in fault, but though he feared his uncle's diſpleaſure, he was not wicked enough to endeavour to palliate his error by a lie.

"I—I—" at length ſtammered he, "threw a ſtick at him: I am ſorry for it."

"If

"If that be the caſe," replied his uncle, "Bluff only defended himſelf.—Good by'e, my lad, (patting John on the head) I ſhall ſee you again before I leave the country: at preſent, we muſt haſten home to get this gentleman's leg dreſſed. I hope it will henceforth afford this uſeful leſſon, *that undeſerved inſult ſeldom fails of meeting deſerved puniſhment.*"

While Captain Manners and his nephew returned home, John walked ſlowly towards his father's, followed by Bluff, who, in vain, had recourſe to his old tricks to bring him into temper.

"Indeed, Bluff," at length ſaid Jack, ſomewhat ſoftened by his perſe-

perſeverance, and laying his hand on his head, "it was a wicked trick, and you might have lamed him; if he was ſo fooliſh, what need for you to be ſpiteful? for I'm ſure you was not hurt, or you would not be ſo merry now. Could you not have walked about your buſineſs?—that would have ſhewn your ſenſe, as my father ſays to me; but to bite him was a cruel action."

Whether Bluff perfectly underſtood this gentle rebuke, or whether Jack's ſoftened tone of voice emboldened him, is uncertain, for he leaped with his fore paws on his ſhoulder. "Not ſo free," ſaid John, "I ſhall not make friends with you

you till you are reconciled to Maſter James."

With this threat they reached home, for they were next door neighbours, Bluff appertaining to the adjoining farm, and having been accuſtomed to play with John, from his puppy days, was fonder of him than of any one elſe.

CHAPTER V.

ON Captain Manners and James's return, though the former treated the affair as lightly as poſſible, yet it gave Lady Manners great concern, and ſhe inſiſted on the dog's being immediately ſhot; but the Captain ſo warmly oppoſed it, as, indeed, did James, that ſhe, of neceſſity, was obliged to give it up.

"Fie, Madam!" ſaid he, "how can you act ſo erroneouſly?—what! becauſe your ſon has behaved unjuſtly, muſt you add to the offence? I can ſcarcely wonder at any action children, ſo brought up, commit; they

they are to treat the defenceleſs with cruelty, and, if the unoffending victim dares turn on the oppreſſor, he is to be puniſhed with death! Barbarity to animals is a ſymptom of a bad heart, and the child that is encouraged in ſuch conduct, will be capable, when he attains manhood, of exerciſing it on his fellows. Bluff is not the only one James has injured this evening; and he has, I think, received a leſſon not eaſily to be forgotten. The boy, whom he treated with rudeneſs, becauſe he would not degrade himſelf by gambling, forgetting the inſult he had received, nobly reſcued him in his danger. James may hereafter enjoy an affluent

fluent fortune, teach him that ſuperiority of wealth requires, to make it truly reſpectable, ſuperiority of virtue. The rich, who enjoy every advantage of education, ſhould ſet examples of juſtice and moderation to thoſe beneath them. They ſhould protect the innocent, endeavour to recal to the duties of ſociety thoſe that have been miſguided through weakneſs of mind. But, waving this ſubject, you need not be under any apprehenſion, in reſpect to the dog being diſordered, for I never ſaw an animal more playful in my life; and even where there is room for ſurmiſe, killing the beaſt is ſurely a wrong method: he ſhould be carefully confined, until all

doubts

doubts are removed or verified; for many dogs, from ill uſage, heat, and various other cauſes, create alarm without danger. If the beaſt eats and drinks, there is no room for fear; but if he is dull and heavy, refuſes meat and water repeatedly, there is full cauſe for apprehenſion, and the beſt way is certainly to have him diſpatched."

The morning following James's diſaſter, he kept his room longer than uſual, not from any pain in his leg, but from the conſciouſneſs that his uncle had heard what paſſed between him and John. After breakfaſt, however, Captain Manners called, in his apartment, to ſee him. To amuſe him, he preſented

him with a book, and desired him to read the following dialogue.

MR. STAINES. I am going into the city, Richard, would you like to take a walk with me?

RICHARD. Very much, Sir, if you please.

MR. STA. Take your hat then, and let us go.

[In passing by the Sun Insurance-Office, Richard enquired what it meant.]

Mr. STA. The gentlemen who manage insurance offices, undertake, for being paid so much per cent. to insure houses and goods from

from fire: that is, if you pay them yearly three or four ſhillings for every hundred pounds that you poſſeſs, in houſes, goods, or ſhips; if theſe poſſeſſions be deſtroyed by fire, they pay you the value of what you had thus inſured.

RICH. How can they afford to do this?

MR. STA. The number of houſes which are burnt, even in London, is very ſmall, compared with the number annually inſured; and this exceſs not only enables them to reſtore ſuch as are conſumed, but produces a very conſiderable profit.

RICH. Is not this a kind of gaming, Sir?

MR. STA. By no means, Richard.

chard. I eſteem this a noble and very commendable inſtitution, which has greatly contributed to the proſperity of this metropolis. It ought to be conſidered as a friendly ſubſcription, among fellow-citizens, to raiſe a common fund for the relief of ſuch of their number, as may, without any fault of their own, through the negligence of their neighbours or ſervants, &c. be reduced to beggary. But what is the matter?—what a crowd of people are coming towards us!

RICH. Whither are they dragging that poor man?—how pale and languid he looks!

MR. STA. We will enquire of this gentleman. [To the gentleman.]

man.] Could you, Sir, be ſo kind as to inform us, what they are about to do with that young man?

GENT. The baker, whom you ſee on this ſide of the priſoner, had left his baſket in the ſtreet, and that poor man was obſerved to ſteal a loaf out of it, and run with it into a neighbouring houſe. The baker, on his return, miſſing the loaf, and being informed who had taken it, procured the police officers; ſhortly after they ſeized the offender. and are now conducting him to the magiſtrate.

MR. STA. We are much obliged to you, Sir, for your information. How far, pray, is the magiſtrate's office diſtant?

GENT.

GENT. Juſt round the corner, Sir.

MR. STA. The man has a genteel appearance. Surely he muſt be reduced to great neceſſity. We will ſtep into the office, Richard, and hear his examination.

MAGISTRATE. Who accuſes the priſoner?

BAKER. I do, Sir.

MAGIS. What has he done?

BAKER. Robbed my baſket, in the open ſtreet.

MAGIS. Did you ſee him do it?

BAKER. No, Sir.

MAGIS. How do you know, then, that he did it?

BAKER. Pleaſe your worſhip, I had to take a loaf into Collar-

court,

court, ſo I ſet my baſket down in the ſtreet, while I went with it. I knew how many loaves I left in the baſket, but, on my return, I found one gone:—a gentleman, that ſtood by, informed me, that the priſoner had carried it off into a houſe, to which he directed me.

MAGIS. Where is the perſon who ſaw the robbery committed?

GENTLEMAN. Here, Sir.

MAGIS. Are you certain that you ſaw the priſoner take a loaf out of the baker's baſket?

GENT. Yes, Sir; I have no doubt of the fact. As I was walking on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, I ſaw the priſoner, ſoon after the baker had left his baſket, go up to it,

it, look earneſtly, for ſome time, at the bread, ſnatch a loaf, and run with it into an adjacent houſe. I took good notice of his perſon, and am certain that is the very man.

PRISONER. I freely confeſs the crime. You need give yourſelf no farther trouble to examine the affair.

MAGIS. I am very ſorry, young man, to find one of your appearance guilty of ſuch an action. What have you to plead in your defence?

PRISONER. I acknowledge, Sir, the guilt of the action; nor have I any thing to trouble your worſhip with in its defence, except the plea of neceſſity. I had not taſted food

of

of any kind for more than a day and a night; and had tried, in vain, ſeveral means of obtaining an honeſt ſupply. My *own* want, however, would never have induced me to have been guilty of this crime; but the thoughts of a beloved wife, and three children, periſhing for want of victuals, tranſported me beyond myſelf, and impelled me, careleſs of what might be the conſequences, to relieve, for a moment, their inſupportable hunger. Theſe, Sir, were the circumſtances that determined me to commit the crime of which I ſtand accuſed. Of the reality of them, any one may be fully ſatisfied, from the officers by whom I was appre-

hended. Whatever becomes of me, I deſerve my fate: but I entreat you, Sir, not to permit my innocent wife and little babes to ſuffer any longer!

MAGIS. Where are the officers who apprehended the priſoner?

FIRST OFFICER. Here, pleaſe your worſhip.

MAGIS. Relate what you obſerved in the apartment of the priſoner, at the time when you apprehended him.

FIRST OFFI. On entering the room, we ſaw a genteel young woman, ſitting with one infant lying at her breaſt, and two others ſtanding cloſe to her lap, devouring, with eagerneſs, the loaf which the priſoner

ſoner had brought them, and allaying their thirſt with cold water, whilſt the priſoner ſtood gazing over them. On acquainting him with our buſineſs, he ſtarted, as from a dream, and the poor, weak woman ſwooned away. With much difficulty we brought her to herſelf. We examined the apartment, and can aſſure your worſhip, that we ſaw no kind of victuals in their poſſeſſion, except the bread they were eating; nor did we diſcover any thing that could induce us to ſuſpect the truth of the priſoner's narration.

MAGIS. The ſcene muſt have been affecting!——How could a young man like you be reduced to ſuch

ſuch deplorable circumſtances?—But before we proceed, let one of the officers go to my kitchen, and deſire the cook to take ſome victuals to the poor woman and her children: be kind enough to ſhew her the way to their apartment.

PRISON. May every bleſſing be yours, worthy Sir. If they be happy, I am content.

MAGIS. Young man, ſomething may, perhaps, be done for you. But I have a deſire to be acquainted with the misfortunes which have brought you ſo very low.

PRISON. You certainly have a right to every information, Sir, that you pleaſe to require. And I hope, that every one who hears me,

me, eſpecially young perſons, will take notice of my faults, and, by avoiding them, eſcape the miſeries which I have ſuffered. My father was a gentleman of conſiderable property; and I was brought up at a reputable boarding-ſchool in the country. As I loſt both my parents in my youth, I no ſooner became of age, than I took poſſeſſion of all my father's property. An unhappy propenſity to gaming, which I had contracted. when a boy, among my playmates, continued with me to the years of maturity, and even ſeemed to gain additional ſtrength with my increaſing age. I no ſooner, therefore, found myſelf the uncontrolled maſ-

ter of my eſtate, than I gave a full looſe to my inclinations. Cards, dice, horſe-racing, &c. ſucceeded to boyiſh games, which had prepared my mind to reliſh theſe manly modes of ruin. I married an amiable young lady, for whom I had a ſincere and tender affection. Her fortune, which was conſiderable, with all my own, has, in the courſe of ſeven years, been totally diſſipated, and I am reduced to the ſituation in which you ſee me; an outcaſt from all reputable ſociety, and without any probable means of procuring an honeſt ſupport for myſelf and dependents.

MAGIS. Indeed, young man, you have given a very diſtreſſing account

account of yourſelf. I hope it will operate on all who may hear it, as a powerful diſſuaſive againſt the deſtructive practice of gaming. And parents and guardians will, I am perſuaded, ſee the neceſſity of reſtraining children, when young, from laying the foundation of ſo baneful a habit in their childiſh diverſions. An error in education, which, though of the moſt dangerous tendency to the future happineſs of youth, is, I fear, too frequently committed. As for you, if you be really ſenſible of your miſconduct, and reſolved to correct it, you will, doubtleſs, be enabled to live honeſtly; ſince you have had a good

a good education, a clerk's place might ſuit you.

PRISON. I am aſhamed, Sir, to confeſs it; but, when at ſchool, my mind was ſo much occupied with the thoughts of gaming, and contriving tricks to cheat my playmates, that I am very deficient in the common part of ſchool learning. I am but young, however, and ſhould be happy to exert every nerve to make myſelf uſeful in any ſtation, in which I could provide for myſelf and connections.

MAGIS. You ſhall receive a trifle from the office; and the gentlemen who are preſent, will, I doubt not, willingly contribute a little towards

wards your preſent ſupport.—Mr. Baker, will you agree to my diſcharging the priſoner?

BAKER. I inſiſt on being paid for my loaf, Sir. His fine ſpeeches won't heat my oven.

MAGIS. It does no great honour to your feelings; but the clerk of the office will pay you.

[The examination cloſes—Mr. Staines and his ſon go out of the office.]

MR. STA. This, Richard, has been an intereſting examination. I am much pleaſed that we have had an opportunity of hearing it: it will, I truſt, have a happy effect to convince you of the deſtructive nature, and baneful tendency, of gaming.

ing. We have been witneſſes of the diſtreſs to which it has reduced this unhappy youth. But this inſtance, though very affecting, is but one of a great number equally deplorable, and events more fatal are often the conſequences of this pernicious vice.

When James had finiſhed reading, Captain Manners perceived that the ſubject had ſomewhat affected his nephew; but as what paſſed between them in converſation, at that time, never tranſpired, we can only relate the conſequences.

At

At noon James left his apartment, paid his duty to his mother, and aſked permiſſion to walk with his uncle. They took the way to Sutton's farm, and had nearly reached it, when they met John, who was coming from ſchool, and ſeemed not a little aſtoniſhed to ſee James advance towards him, holding out his hand, and ſaying, "John, I behaved ill, laſt night, I am ſorry for it—you muſt forget it."

John, for a moment, ſtood ſilent, at length replied, "I am ſorry too, becauſe the dog hurt your leg; but I hope it will ſoon get well."

"I—I don't mean the dog, John," replied James with increaſed con-

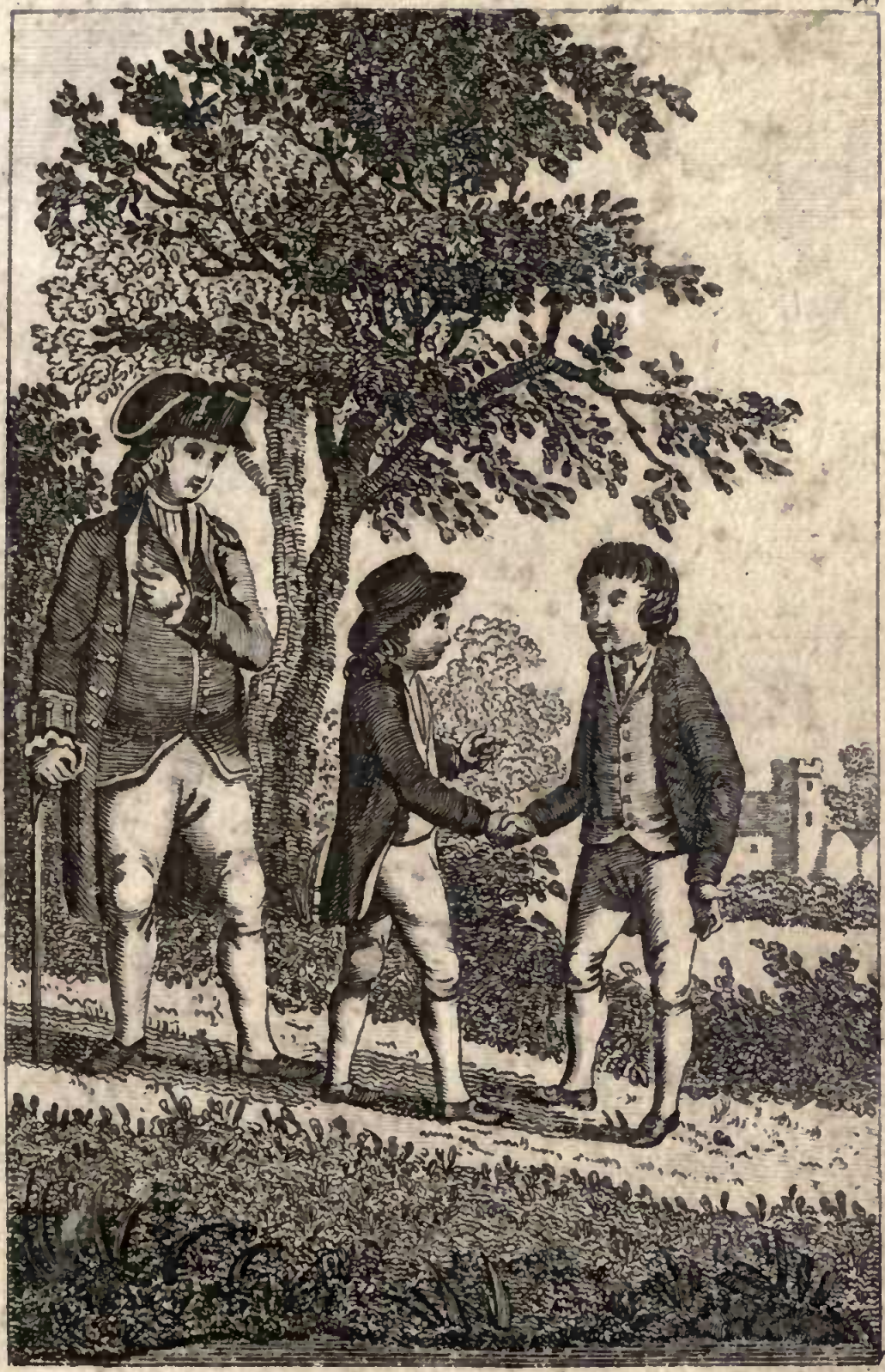
fuſion; "I behaved rudely to you; ſhake hands, and let us be friends."

John's eyes filled with tears.—"Pray," replied he, "pray don't ſay any thing about it, I never thought of it ſince; you was tired, and it made you peeviſh: I know you loved me dearly till you went home, and I am ſure I love you as I uſed to do."

"I have been proud to you, and cruel to the dog," ſaid he."

"You was not—you was not," cried John: "don't you play with me often? ſo you can't be proud; and for the dog, he was an ill-natured beaſt to bite you. I remember when you bought a cock from the boys, that they might not throw

at



at it; ſo I am ſure you are not cruel."

With hearts thus diſpoſed, a reconciliation was ſoon effected; Captain Manners ſaying, "You are both brave boys: John knows better how to excuſe an injury than to offer one; and for you, James, you have gained a greater conqueſt than ever Alexander could boaſt—a victory over yourſelf."

"And now," ſaid John, addreſſing Captain Manners, "if you pleaſe to give me leave, Sir, I will go and fetch Bluff: I wiſh to ſhew Maſter James how gentle he is; if he could ſpeak, I dare ſay, he would be ſorry for what he has done."

"Fetch him then," replied the Captain, ſmiling; "we will receive his excuſes."

John flew to Farmer Giles's, calling his friend Bluff, and returned riding on his back.

"What a tremendous monſter!" exclaimed James, ſhuddering at the recollection of the preceding day. To confeſs the truth, Bluff made a formidable appearance, being of the largeſt ſize of thoſe animals, black, and ſhaggy; nor did he appear beſt pleaſed with the meeting, for he growled inwardly, and ſhewed his teeth.

"No ſpite, ſirrah," ſaid John, ſlapping him on the head; "fetch this

this ſtone!" throwing one to ſome diſtance.

Bluff obeyed, and, returning, laid it at John's feet.

"No, ſirrah! carry it there," pointing to Captain Manners.

Bluff obeyed.

John threw a ſecond; Bluff (as before) fetched it, and laid it before him.

"Carry it there!" ſaid Jack, pointing to James.

Bluff wagged his tail, and ſtood ſtill.

"It's of no uſe, Bluff, to be ſulky, you ſhall carry it, or I'll give you a drubbing;" lifting up his left hand, and pointing with his right;

right; "take it, I ſay!" ſtamping with his foot.

Bluff, thus commanded, after ſome heſitation, took up the ſtone, and laid it before James, who trembled with apprehenſion.

"I could never have believed you could have made him ſo ſubmiſſive," ſaid James. "How did you get ſuch maſtery over him?—beat him you could not, or he would have ſerved you as he did me."

"Perhaps he would," replied John; "but I fed, and played with him when he was little; and I now never ſcruple to beat him, if he affronts me; for he is very apt to bark at beggars; and two or three

times

times he has fetched the geese out of the water; but he knows I never beat him, unless he deserves it."

By repeatedly throwing the stone, which John made him, each time, carry to James, they, at length, became somewhat more familiar; so that, before they parted, James ventured to pat his head, John standing by, and clasping his great jaws with his hands. All parties being thus reconciled, the Captain called on Richard Sutton, (leaving the friends at the door) whose heart he gladdened by his approbation of his son, desiring him not to neglect his education, and saying, that he would be a friend to him; then,

forbidding his viſits being mentioned, took his leave.

As the farmer, from this time, got rather eaſier in his circumſtances, it may be readily ſurmiſed, that the Captain made him ſome preſent; and, as a ſmall ſum is ſometimes of great utility to the induſtrious poor, it doubtleſs was ſo. He did not labour leſs, but he bought more manure for his land, which cauſed it to bear better crops; and he purchaſed two cows and ſome pigs, ſo that he made more butter and cheeſe, and had always bacon in the houſe for his family.

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG the various evils occaſioned by Lady Manners' unbounded indulgence, was that moſt deſtructive of all vices, a love of wine; for James, accuſtomed to dine at his father's table, made no ſcruple of drinking ſometimes even two glaſſes, a quantity very improper for his years, and an indulgence that his reſpectable uncle conſidered with vexation and ſorrow, and determined, if poſſible, to wean him from ſo deſtructive a propenſity. He took him, one afternoon, into the ſummer-houſe,

and,

and, in an affectionate diſcourſe, pointed out the evils that accrue from ſuch an inclination. "Wine, my dear boy," ſaid he, "was given us for a cordial, not to take in large quantities, or on every ſlight occaſion; conſidered thus, it is in ſome maladies, and particularly in the weakneſs of old age, really a bleſſing; but, taken to exceſs, it becomes the reverſe, for nothing ſo debaſes as drunkenneſs: in that ſtate, a man is far beneath the brutes; he knows not what he does, and is capable of the greateſt crimes, and at which his nature, at another time, would recoil. To prove this, I have ſelected a ſtory which you will read." Thus ſaying,

ing, he preſented a book to James, who read the following ſtory.

A LATE emperor of China, who was particularly celebrated for his curioſity, had a ſtrong inclination to know what it was to be drunk, and, for that reaſon, ordered a mandarin to ſit down and drink with him. The liquor they choſe was Canary, and, in about two hours, the emperor, being dead drunk, fell faſt aſleep. When the mandarin, who continued ſober, ſaw this, he retired, and ſent for ſome of the chiefs of the court, to whom he thus addreſſed himſelf: "My friends,

friends, what a monarch does is no light matter; our maſter ſeems but too well pleaſed with the juice of the grape; he commended it at every glaſs. Conſider that, if he is already capricious, and ſomewhat addicted to cruelty, how inſupportable he will be, if he becomes a drunkard. Take my advice; load me inſtantly with chains, and thruſt me into a dungeon. When the emperor awakes, and enquires for me, tell him, that this was done by his order, and leave the reſt to me." The courtiers approved this ſcheme, and inſtantly put it in execution.

As ſoon as the emperor came to himſelf, and perceiving that he was alone,

alone, enquired for the mandarin; and being told he was in a dungeon, loaded with irons, and that they had ſent for an executioner to put him to death by his majeſty's order, he was amazed; and began to reflect within himſelf, what it was that had thus provoked him. Being unable to recollect any thing, he ordered the mandarin to be ſent for, who came, and with a dejected countenance, throwing himſelf at the emperor's feet, requeſted that, at leaſt, he might know his offence: upon this his irons were taken off, and the company withdrawing, the emperor told him plainly, that he remembered nothing of the matter; but that his

head

head ached extremely, and that how well ſoever he liked the taſte of the wine, he would never, in future, drink more than two glaſſes a day, of a liquor ſo prejudicial both to mind and body: which reſolution he firmly maintained, and might therefore, boaſt of having once been happily deceived.

The Captain had juſt time to paſs his comment upon this ſtory, and James to promiſe obſervance of his advice, when, from the window, they perceived John croſſing the green, attended by Bluff. By his

his uncle's permiſſion, James called him to join them.

After the uſual ſalutations, Captain Manners perceiving that John looked wiſtfully at the books, that lay ſcattered around, he addreſſed him thus: "As I cannot help being intereſted for a lad, who, I truſt, will hereafter make an honeſt and reſpectable man, I ſhould wiſh, John, to hear you read: there is a beautiful little poem, which, I think, will intereſt you."

John, for a few minutes, was confuſed, but, taking the book, he read the following ſtory:

LUBIN

AND HIS

DOG TRAY.

YOUNG Lubin was a ſhepherd boy,
Who watch'd a rigid maſter's ſheep,
And many a night was heard to ſigh,
And many a day was ſeen to weep.

For not a lambkin e'er was loſt,
Or wether ſtray'd to field remote,
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a truſtier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow,
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beſide the brook in vale below.

From him ſtern winter's driſting ſnow,
Its pelting ſleet, or froſt ſevere,
Or ſcorching ſummer's ſultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur or a tear.

For,

For, ah! the varying ſeaſons had
To ev'ry hardſhip form'd his frame,
Tho' ſtill his tender, feeling heart,
By nature nurs'd, remain'd the ſame.

But whither ſhall the orphan fly,
To meet protection's foſtering power?
Oppreſſion waits the future day,
When miſery marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
No friend, no relative had he!
His happieſt hour was daſh'd with woe;
His mildeſt treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundleſs heath,
One winter day, his flocks had ſpread,
By hunger urg'd, to ſeek the blade
That lurks beneath its ſnowy bed.

And hous'd, at eve, his fleecy charge,
He, ſorrowing, miſs'd a fav'rite lamb,
That ſhunn'd the long-perſiſting ſearch,
Nor anſwer'd to its bleating dam.

With

With heavy heart he ſhap'd his way,
And told ſo true, ſo ſad a tale,
That almoſt pierc'd the marble breaſt
Of ruthleſs Rufus of the Vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had ſtray'd,
Own'd he had ſuffer'd them to go;
Yes: he had learn'd to pity them,
For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants,
The unnipp'd neighb'ring bound deny'd,
They ſure had dropp'd—as ſurely too
The pitying ſhepherd boy had died.

"Then die!" th' unfeeling maſter ſaid,
And ſpurn'd him from his cloſing door,
Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
He vow'd ſhould ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waſte
The whiſtling winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainſt his poor, unſhelter'd head,
With arrowy keenneſs, came the ſnow.

Yet thus he left his maſter's houſe,
And ſhap'd his ſad, uncertain way;
By man unnotic'd and forſook,
And follow'd but by—truſty Tray.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
Who ſeparate in fortune's blaſt,
They ſtill were near when fair the ſky,
But nearer ſtill when overcaſt.

When Lubin's random ſtep involv'd
His body 'neath the drifted ſnow,
Tray help'd him forth; and when Tray fell,
Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.

Benumb'd, at length, his ſtiff'ning joints,
His tongue to Tray could ſcarcely ſpeak;
His tears congeal'd to icicles,
His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainſt his cheek.

As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
Give omen of approaching death,
Aurora, from her eaſtern hills,
Ruſh'd forth, and ſtaid his fleeting breath;

And ſhew'd to his imperfect ſight
The harmleſs cauſe of all his woe,
His little lambkin, cold and ſtiff,
Stretch'd on its bed of gliſt'ning ſnow.

"'Tis juſt," he ſaid, "that where thou lieſt
The careleſs ſhepherd boy ſhould lie;
Thou died'ſt, poor fool! for want of food;
I fall, for ſuff'ring thee to die.

"But, oh! my maſter!" broken—ſhort—
Was ev'ry half-word now he ſpoke;
"Severe has been thy conſtant will,
And galling ſure thy heavy yoke.

"A warmer couch haſt thou to preſs,
Secure from cramping froſts thy feet;
And couldſt thou boaſt ſo free a breaſt,
Thou yet might'ſt die a death as ſweet.

"My truſty dog——that wiſtful look
Is all that makes my poor heart heave:
But hie thee home, proclaim me dead,
Forget to think, and ceaſe to grieve."

So

So ſaying, ſhrunk the hapleſs youth,
Beneath the chilling graſp of death;
And, claſping poor Tray's ſhaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!

His faithful, fond, ſagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his maſter's clay;
And many a moan the creature made,
And many a thing he ſtrove to ſay.

But not a ſign of lurking life,
Through all his frame he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his maſter did not ſleep.

Great grief aſſail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid its victim low!
His maſter's cheek, his pillow cold,
Their common bed the colder ſnow!

This ſimple, but affecting tale, intereſted John too much for him to

to read it, without frequent breaks, and repeatedly having recourſe to his handkerchief; but Captain Manners' own heart was too ſuſceptible for him to condemn in another what he could not refrain from himſelf; nor was he diſpleaſed to ſee his nephew equally affected; but the entrance of Sir James into the ſummer-houſe prevented any comment on the ſtory, and Mr. Manners, ſlipping half a guinea into John's hand, diſmiſſed him.

Though John had never before been maſter of ſuch a ſum, yet was it not powerful enough to baniſh the idea of Lubin and his friend Tray, and regarding Bluff with even more than uſual complacency,

he

he patted him, saying, "Ah, Bluff! what a pity it is that you could not understand that story! yet, perhaps, after all, it would only have made your heart ache, so it is better as it is. I would not have been in that wicked Rufus's place for all his sheep; I would sooner have been in poor Lubin's.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Captain was ſoon after called by buſineſs to Bengal; previous to his departure, he conjured his brother and ſiſter, in the warmeſt terms, to be more careful of the education of their ſon. "He is naturally a good boy," ſaid he, "but your falſe indulgence, if continued, will ruin him; ſeek him a learned and virtuous tutor; teach him to keep his paſſions under proper reſtraint in his youth; and in more advanced age, he will know how to curb them; but if they are once ſuffered to take root, and are nouriſhed

nouriſhed by indulgence, like a torrent, they will ſweep all before them."

"I can ſee no reaſon," returned Lady Manners, "to curb and puniſh my ſon; he will have a good fortune, and, I dare ſay, will act properly."

I truſt he will, my dear ſiſter," replied the Captain, without appearing to notice this ridiculous ſpeech; "but do you conſider how much more dangerous to ſociety are the vices of the rich than thoſe of the poor? The poor man may be a libertine, a drunkard, and a gambler, but poverty curbs thoſe vices, and the wretched poſſeſſor ſpeedily falls a victim; for they cannot

cannot be maintained without his having recourſe to the moſt deſperate means, and his life becomes a forfeit to the violated laws. The reign of the rich libertine is of longer continuance, unleſs he die of premature old age, the natural conſequence of his vices; his fortune enables him to purſue his impious courſe for years: to gratify all his vices, to be a bad huſband and a worſe father, until heaven, weary of his crimes, ſnatches him away, dreadful thought! without time or preparation, with all his accumulated ſins upon his head!"

The day after, the Captain left the country, but not until he had given the ſtrongeſt charge to his

nephew

nephew reſpecting his future conduct. James certainly loved his uncle, but, regarding him as a curb on his inclination, feared to act improperly before him.

His departure removing this reſtraint, he now conſidered himſelf as entirely maſter of his own actions; for his father was too indolent to pay him any particular attention; and Lady Manners loved, as ſhe expreſſed it, a lad of ſpirit, and could not bear to have him thwarted.

To ſpeak truly of James, he behaved univerſally well to John, after the reconciliation; he likewiſe warmly cultivated the acquaintance of Bluff, and that with ſuch

ſucceſs, that he was ſpeedily no inconſiderable favourite; for Bluff, having a natural fondneſs for good eating, and John having taught James that ſecret, he was frequently to be found in the kitchen of the manſion, and a conſtant companion to little James in his rambles.

Sir James and his lady had both a particular objection to James walking without a ſervant, but he, thinking himſelf above control, frequently went out without ceremony.

This conduct, as it was acting in direct diſobedience to his parents, certainly deſerved reprehenſion; but the greateſt trouble fell upon the ſervants, who were ſent differ-

ent

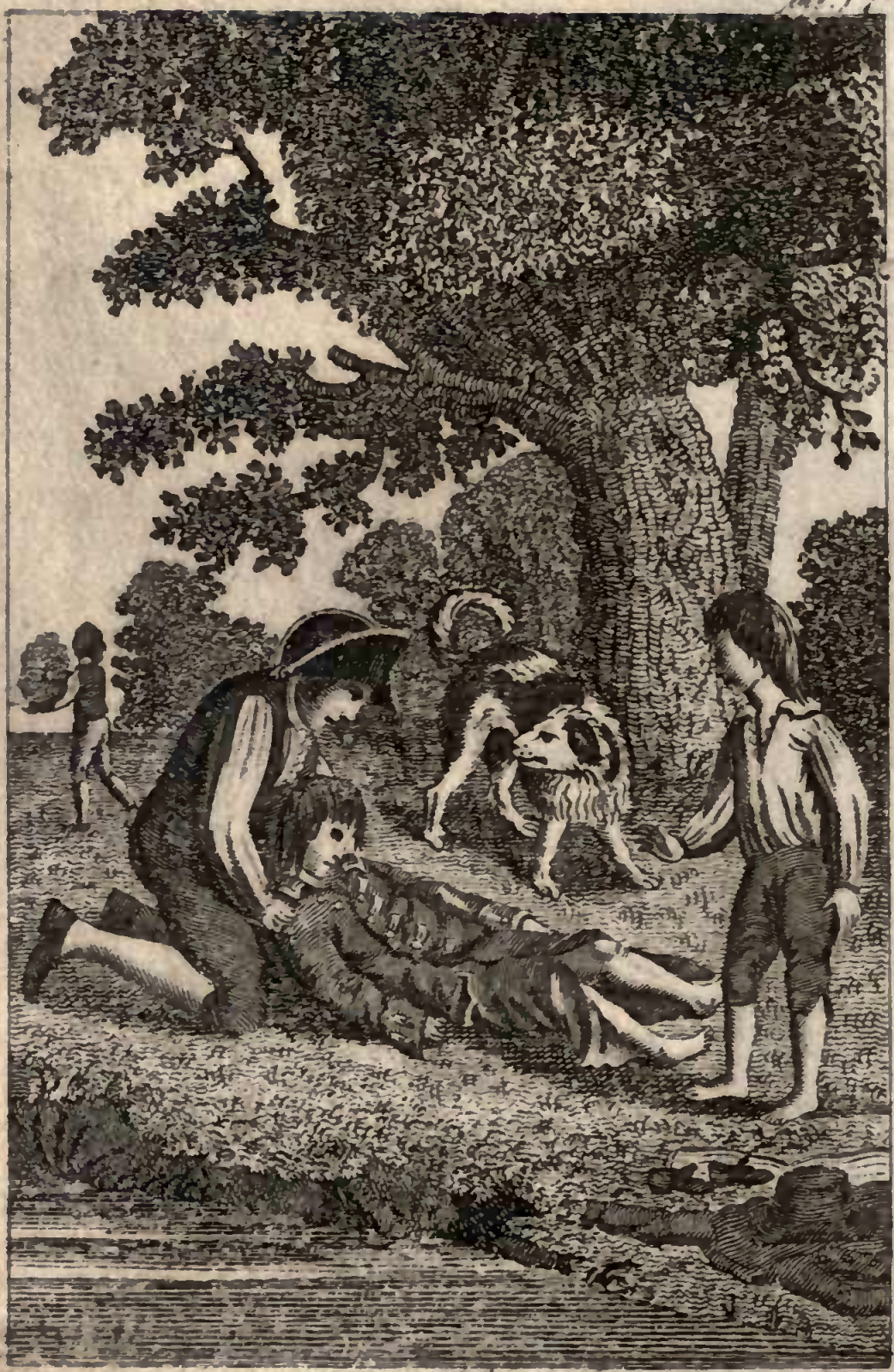
ent ways, to ſeek him; and, on his return, his weak mother would kiſs him, and declare her pleaſure to ſee him ſafe, inſtead of juſtly puniſhing, and making him, another time, fearful of diſobeying her.

One warm afternoon, that he had uſed this freedom, he ſtrolled to ſome diſtance, accompanied by Bluff. At length, they came to a pond, where two young lads were bathing: James was warm; the water looked refreſhing, and, being accuſtomed to refuſe himſelf no gratification, he ſtripped, reſolving however, as he could not ſwim, not to venture out of his depth. He found it very pleaſant; but being

in

in a violent perſpiration, he ſoon felt the conſequence of diſobedience and imprudence, for the ſudden tranſition from heat to cold, in a few minutes gave him the cramp, which cauſed his limbs to fail him, and he had only time to utter a fearful cry before he dropped.

The two lads, who were bathing, ſaw him ſink, but were too much overpowered with fear to afford him any aſſiſtance, and ſtood calling for help. At this moment, a ſervant, who had been ſent in purſuit of his young maſter, came up; the cries of the lads gave him to underſtand ſome misfortune had happened; and the ſight of Bluff, plunging in the water, confirmed his



his fears as to the perſon. In this dilemma, the imprudent boy had periſhed, had not Bluff, to their infinite ſurpriſe, brought him up by the neck.

James had been ſome minutes under water, and all animation appeared ſuſpended, when Bluff brought him to the bank. The ſervant's firſt care was to wrap him up in his own coat; and then to take hold of his legs and arms, alternately ſhaking them to promote circulation: in the mean time, ſending one of the boys to fetch the apothecary from the adjoining village. The boy declared the accident to all he met, ſo that the ſtory ſoon reached the manor-houſe,

with this addition, that he had remained under water ſo long that he was quite dead.

It was now that his mother felt that her miſplaced indulgence had cauſed his ruin. "Miſerable mother that I am!" exclaimed ſhe; "had I not ſo blindly ſuffered him to follow all his caprices, I ſhould now have had a ſon; as it is, his loſs will ſoon bring me with ſorrow to the grave!" The exceſs of her grief overpowered her, and, for ſome time, ſhe lay in a ſtate of utter inſenſibility.

Sir James was not leſs concerned, though unable to vent his grief in words, and ruſhed from the houſe, like one diſtracted, in purſuit of the body

body of his ſon. James was a conſiderable time before he ſhewed any ſigns of life; at length, by the uſe of flannels, ſprinkled with rum, brandy, or gin, rubbed gently over the body, and having his breaſt fomented with warm ſpirits, and the apothecary directing that his left ſide ſhould be well chafed with a warm hand, as moſt likely to excite the motion of the heart—he, to the great ſatisfaction of all preſent, revived.

At that moment arrived Sir James; if his grief was exceſſive for the ſuppoſed loſs of his ſon, his joy was equally great, on finding him living. John, who had heard of the misfortune as he came from ſchool, though

though not of James's recovery, did not run like the reſt to the ſpot, for, underſtanding his friend was dead, and concluding that he would be of no ſervice, he ſat down by the bank ſide and wept.

Bluff was not like many, who forget their old friends; for he no ſooner recogniſed his playfellow ſeated in ſorrow, than he ran up to him, and jumping with his great paws on his ſhoulders, puſhed his cold noſe in his face, which was doubtleſs his method of enquiring the cauſe, or at leaſt of ſoothing John's diſtreſs. "Poor Bluff!"—ſobbed John—"you have loſt a friend and playfellow, and ſo have I."—Bluff wagged his tail, looked earneſtly

earneſtly in John's face, and ſeated himſelf at his feet.

The crowd now drew near, and John obſerving that they were carrying ſomething wrapped up, concluded it was the body of his foſter brother; he wept aloud, and hiding his face with his hands, exclaimed—"Oh, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!"

This affectionate exclamation reached the ear of James, who, in a feeble voice, deſired John might be informed of his ſafety, and told to come to the manor-houſe.

This requeſt was immediately obeyed, and John's grief turned into joy; he joined the party, and enquired into particulars; but when he

he learned his friend's preſervation was brought about by Bluff, his pleaſure knew no bounds; he embraced him twenty times, ſaying—"Notwithſtanding you have vexed me many a time, I always thought you had a good heart: now I am convinced of it.

On James's arrival at home, he was put to bed, and in a few days perfectly recovered, to the inexpreſſible delight of his fond mother.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON James's coming abroad again he appeared to be more ſerious than uſual, and his firſt requeſt to his father was, that he would purchaſe Bluff from Farmer Giles; which was accordingly done: an action that proved, if he was imprudent, at leaſt he was not ungrateful.

Bluff was now the univerſal favourite; but, to his credit be it ſpoken, he bore his elevation with becoming humility, behaving with his uſual kindneſs and familiarity to all his old acquaintance.

Some-

Some time after a conſiderable farm became untenanted on Sir James's eſtate; and James, to whom his father could refuſe nothing, entreated him to grant a leaſe to Richard Sutton—"But for John, Sir,"—ſaid he—"I had never known Bluff, and then, in all probability, ſhould have been in my grave." Richard Sutton was accordingly ſent for, who received the propoſal with gratitude, and, in a ſhort time, took up his reſidence on his new farm.

Nothing material happened for ſeven years, during which time James and John were advanced towards manhood: John was accounted one of the moſt induſtri-

ous

ous and well-informed lads in the village. James's character, though marked with generosity and humanity, was not so irreproachable. Young as he was, he frequently drank more than was becoming. His love of gaming increased with his years, and he had even been known to be mean enough, when he could procure no other company, to play at different games with his own servants; a conduct that considerably debased him in their eyes.

Had Captain Manners' advice been followed in engaging a proper tutor for James, this misconduct would have been avoided, as he would then have had a check

upon his behaviour; and when youth are accuſtomed to act regularly and with propriety for a courſe of years, it becomes habitual, and pleaſant. It is true he had proper maſters, who fulfilled their duty in their reſpective departments, yet their care concluded with their leſſons, ſo that he was uncontrolled, and director of the greater part of his time. To complete his misfortunes, his father died when he was about ſeventeen, and he had then unlimited power over his weak mother's purſe; ſo that he now conceived himſelf ſufficiently entitled to act as he ſaw all the diſſipated young men in the neighbourhood do. He frequent-

ed horſe-races, broke down the farmers' fences in hunting, and made wreſtling matches among the young men of the village, which gained him the appellation of a hearty fellow among the libertine part; while the more prudent termed him a diſſipated young man, who ſet a bad example to his inferiors, and who would ruin his conſtitution with intemperance, and his fortune with gambling, before he arrived at manhood.

On the contrary, John was the comfort and delight of his father; he laboured with him during the day, and in the evening ſtudied with the greateſt aſſiduity; and, though he had inſtruction but from books,

books, diligence and attention made up the deficiency. Every one wiſhed their ſons to grow up like John Sutton, for he was univerſally beloved, no one could tax him with a mean action; he was never known to have expended a ſhilling in extravagance or folly, nor ever remembered to withhold one where it was really of ſervice. His purſe, it is true, was ſcantily furniſhed, but then it was well managed, ſo that it was ſufficient to ſupply all his wants.

John had ever ſincerely loved his foſter-brother, and beheld his conduct with a concern he could not always conceal.—Sir James did not want diſcernment, and though

though John did not take the liberty to diſſent from his young landlord in words, his behaviour was a tacit reproof for his conduct.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH little variation paſſed the time, until Sir James reached his twentieth year, when Lady Manners paid the debt of nature, and left her ſon ſole heir to all ſhe poſſeſſed. The gay company that poured on him on all ſides ſoon diſſipated his grief, and the manor-houſe became a continued ſcene of riot.

James had frequently heard from his uncle, who had now been abroad eleven years, had made a conſiderable fortune, and was expected home in a year or two. This intelli-

intelligence gave him no concern; his fortune being in his own power, and he reſolved not to be under any reſtraint.

One afternoon that John had been at a neighbouring fair, to ſell cattle for his father, he retired to an inn to receive payment, which was ſcarcely concluded, before his attention was engaged by a converſation between the landlord and his wife.

"I am ſorry from my heart—" ſaid the landlord, "for the young gentleman is in liquor, and no match for thoſe fellows, who, I am ſure, are no better than they ſhould be; for they are knaviſh gamblers at every race and fair for

hundred

hundred miles around; however, if gentlemen will make themſelves companions for ſharpers, they muſt take the conſequences; and I'll be bound he'll have reaſon to remember this evening's work." John had ſeen Sir James at the fair, purchaſing a hunter, and had no doubt that it was he who had fallen into ſuch bad hands, but how to ſnatch him from them he knew not; and remained ſome time in deep thought.

"It is my duty," ſaid he to himſelf, "at leaſt to try to ſave him; my dear father and myſelf owe him every thing, and I am determined rather to hazard his diſpleaſure than leave him bereft, as he is, of underſtanding with liquor, and in ſuch villanous

lanous company; at all events he will to-morrow thank me for my interference."

He then ſought out Sir James's ſervant, and prevailed on him to go into the parlour, and preſent his humble reſpects to his maſter, begging to ſpeak to him on particular buſineſs.—Sir James, was, however, too deeply engaged at play to heed this meſſage, and therefore replied, "Let him call on me to-morrow;—I am engaged now."

John would have prevailed on him to return, and ſay that to-morrow would be too late; but the ſervant refuſed, anſwering, he knew his maſter's paſſionate temper too well to venture, as he would in all

all probability turn him away, ſhould he take that liberty, for that he already appeared ſoured with loſing; therefore deſired John, if his buſineſs was ſo very urgent, to go in himſelf, for he dared not.

John heſitated for a moment; but the voice of Sir James in a loud key, determined him.

"I muſt recover my laſt loſs,"—ſaid he,—"I'll play you for five hundred pounds."——John, convinced that he had no time to loſe, entered without ceremony, and found his patron, with three fellows, who were taking every advantage of his ſituation. Bluff, who was lying by his maſter's ſide, roſe at John's entrance, and ſaluted

him

him in his uſual manner; for neither the comforts of Sir James's houſe, nor old age, had weakened Bluff's friendſhip from his old playfellow; but John, putting him aſide, advanced towards Sir James, and ſpoke thus:

"My reſpect for you, Sir, has ever been great, but my duty is ſtill greater, which obliges me to inform you that you are in improper company, who take an advantage of your ſituation to ſtrip you of your money; permit me to attend you home, and excuſe the liberty I have taken."

The rage of Sir James at this addreſs exceeded all bounds: to be rebuked by a creature he regarded

ſo

ſo far beneath him, ſurpaſſed all belief, and in a peremptory voice bid him begone, and never more dare appear before him.

John was, however, not ſo eaſily rebuffed.—"I cannot leave you thus, Sir," ſaid he—"to-morrow, command what you pleaſe, I will obey, only let me attend you home to-night."

The ſharpers, who by no means liked this intruſion, and feared that he would at length prevail, now interfered, and, amidſt a torrent of abuſe, ordered him to quit the room, or they would puſh him out.

"I will not"—replied he——"Come, Sir, do not let me ſue in vain; your happineſs and welfare

are

are dear to me as my own; take up your money, and let us be gone." The ſharpers, imagining that Sir James began to waver, and being exaſperated at the thought of loſing their prey, attempted to force John out of the room; but temperance and exerciſe had made him ſtrong, and he might, perhaps, have been a match for them, had he not even met a ſecond, more powerful than himſelf; for Bluff no ſooner ſaw his old friend attacked, than, regardleſs of the party being his maſter's aſſociates, he laid about him with ſuch ſucceſs, that he had one on the ground in a moment, and held a ſecond by the throat; for as long as Bluff ſaw John in danger,

his maſter's commands for him to deſiſt were unavailing.

The ſharpers, thus completely overpowered, were glad to make peace on any terms, and promiſed if John would releaſe them from the dog, to be gone about their buſineſs. The pride of Sir James had never before been ſo completely humbled; but though he felt the friendſhip of John had alone cauſed his interference, and that he had already loſt a conſiderable ſum, he was aſhamed to own himſelf in the wrong, or obliged to one ſo much beneath him; he therefore chid John ſeverely, threatened him with his laſting diſpleaſure, and bade him begone.

Bluff,

Bluff, who, it has been before obſerved, was ſeldom improperly elated by doing a good action, ſeemed, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, conſcious of this; for, ſeeing John in ſafety, he jumped on his maſter, as if to court his approbation; but Sir James, whoſe temper was ſoured with what had paſſed, and vexed with having in vain called off the dog, gave him a violent kick, ſaying,—"Get out, follow thoſe you obey ſooner than me, or I'll ſhoot you through the head."

Bluff did not return this inſult, as he did the firſt he received from Sir James; he was then a ſtranger, and it inſpired only anger and contempt; the blow was now given by

by a friend, and ſtruck more deeply, for he ſlunk his tail, and raiſing his ſhaggy head, looked piteouſly in his maſter's face, in a manner that a feeling heart might have interpreted in theſe words: "Have I deſerved this from you?"

Sir James was, however, at this moment, proof againſt it, for he repeated his threat more vociferouſly than before; alſo his command for John to quit his preſence.

"Come along, Bluff;" ſaid John, fearful that in the frenzy of the moment, he ſhould put his threat in execution; "if we have offended, we have done our duty, and the conſciouſneſs of that is not to be obliterated by anger—I doubt not, Sir,"

Sir," added he, addreſſing Sir James, "but on reflection you will excuſe the liberty I have taken, and ſee my conduct in its proper light, that of a faithful, though humble friend."

With theſe words John left him, and recommending him to the care of his ſervant, mounted his horſe, and took the way home, accompanied by Bluff.

On John's return, he related to his father what had paſſed, ſaying, he feared they ſhould, in conſequence, meet Sir James's diſpleaſure.

"If we do,"—ſaid Richard,—"we muſt bear it, my boy; you acted right; he has been a good friend to us, and if you had ſtood

by and ſuffered him to be plundered, you were unworthy to be preſent. As for Bluff, he, to be ſure, deſerved better from him; however, he ſhall never want a meal, nor a clean truſs of ſtraw, while I have one; but I fancy his maſter will be glad to recal him to-morrow, when he comes to his ſenſes."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER X.

RICHARD SUTTON was right in his conjecture that Sir James would be glad on the morrow to recal Bluff; but his pride and ſhame withheld him from declaring it. His head was now clear, and he recollected many circumſtances that proved his late companions to be villains. He had not only loſt a large ſum of money, but had been pilfered of his watch; and but for the interference of John, his loſs had doubtleſs been much greater. —"Poor Bluff!" ſaid he,—as he reflected on the buſineſs, "I owed thee

thee my life, and in return I have caſt thee off in thy age.—John too I am ſure loves me, but he ſhould have recollected the difference between us, and not have taken ſuch unwarrantable liberties."

Soon after this Sir James ſet off for London, without deigning, however, to take the leaſt notice of his old friends. Young, and without a guide, naturally fond of pleaſure and elegance, he was ſoon pointed out to be plundered by the gamblers that infeſted it. Neither John nor Bluff were at hand; and after loſing large ſums, he at length determined to venture his eſtate to regain them, and in a moment of infatuation ventured all, and loſt it.

What

What a ſcene of horror now preſented itſelf!—awakened to reflection by the weight of his loſs, he was for ſome hours deprived of reaſon, on the recovery of which he was waited on by one of his deſtroyers, for a conveyance of his property, which with a heavy heart, he gave; ſaying, in a few days, he would be in the country to take away ſome papers, of no value but to himſelf.

A ſhort ſpace after this, theſe fellows arrived, who took poſſeſſion of the eſtate; a ſight which had nearly broken John Sutton's heart — "O, my dear maſter!" — exclaimed he,—"that I did but know where to find him; he ſhould

ſhould at leaſt ſee he had one to comfort him in his diſtreſs; but my wiſhes are vain, I ſhall never ſee him more; he will never know how much I loved him."

All the old ſervants were turned out; the farmers, who had not long leaſes, were told their rents ſhould be raiſed, or they muſt quit. As for Sutton, he was not in their power, as he had fortunately twelve years to come of his leaſe. Such was the ſituation of affairs at the village, when Sir James came, as he had mentioned, for his papers; but, aſhamed to appear after his folly, he only entered the village in the evening, unable to bear the thoughts of being ſeen by any of his former tenants, particularly by John.

Sir

Sir James, with a heavy heart, took his papers, and alſo ſome that appertained to his mother, among which he found a few rings, and ſome other jewels of ſmall value, that he had before diſregarded, but which now were all his wealth.

By this time it was very late, and the night uncommonly tempeſtuous; having now neither carriage nor horſe of his own, he came in the ſtage to the market-town, which was at the diſtance of eight miles, from whence he had walked. This length of way he had to return. His loſs had before hung heavy on his ſpirits, but the ſight of a place, of which he was once maſter, but where now he could not command a night's

a night's lodging, cut him to the heart:—his eyes overflowed with tears. The night was dark, except at intervals, when illumined by dreadful flashes of lightning.

What a situation for a man who had ever been accustomed to indulgence! "O, my beloved parents," —exclaimed he—" could you have foreseen this, you surely would have rooted out in my childhood all those pernicious seeds of vice, that have strengthened with time, and at length wrought my ruin!—But how dare I accuse any but myself? have I not erred against my own judgment, and conscience, which continually whispered, 'Stop, James, before it be too late?'—Alas!

'tis now all over."—As he ſpoke, the exceſs of his grief overpowered him, and he ſunk on the earth.

The tempeſt began at length to ſubſide, and he thought he heard the ſound of a horſe's feet. "For what do I liſten!" ſaid he to himſelf: "I have no one to bring me ſuccour! death alone can end my miſeries!—Too late I feel that I deſerve what has happened, and bleſs thoſe that would, if poſſible, have ſaved me."—

The horſeman approached, and ſtopped at a ſhort diſtance, to faſten the girt of his ſaddle; but the night being too dark to diſtinguiſh objects, neither party could ſee the other.

A loud bark, which he inſtantly recognized for Bluff's, and a moment after it was anſwered by a voice, which increaſed his diſtreſs, for he knew it to proceed from John.

"Poor Bluff!" ſaid John, "we have, indeed, had a fruitleſs errand; I wiſh it had been otherwiſe.—You, however, had no buſineſs to follow me in ſuch a bad night; and, in future, I'll ſhut you up, when I don't wiſh for your company.—I would not willingly have taken my enemy's dog out on ſuch a night, much leſs you, whom I doubly love, not only for your own, but your poor ruined maſter's ſake."

John

John now ſet off on a ſmart trot, leaving Sir James, whoſe anguiſh was redoubled by hearing this affectionate ſpeech. Bluff, however, knew his old maſter, notwithſtanding the darkneſs, for ſmelling up to him, he licked his face, and again barked aloud—then licked the hands that held him, and barked again.—A moment after a loud whiſtle was heard, and John's voice, at ſome diſtance, calling, "Bluff! Bluff!"

Bluff did not attempt to ſtir, but more loudly barked. John having called repeatedly, without effect, returned to the ſpot, ſurmiſing that the dog had found ſome ſtray animal, which had been hurt, or,

perhaps, killed by the ſtorm: diſmounting, therefore, at ſome few yards diſtance, he led his horſe to the ſpot.

What were the feelings of Sir James at that moment!—gladly would he, if poſſible, have concealed himſelf, but a faint flaſh of lightning, at that moment, ſhewed John his foſter-brother's face; the bridle dropped from his hand, and he threw himſelf on the ground beſide him.

"Oh! my dear, my honoured maſter!" exclaimed he, "forgive me, if ever I offended you, and condeſcend to take ſhelter this dreadful night under our humble roof."

Sir James could not ſpeak, but bending

bending forward, fainted in the embrace of his friend. "Oh! he will die before I can procure him aſſiſtance!" exclaimed John; then raiſed him from the ground, placed him on his horſe before him, and ſet off homeward with a gentle pace.

The motion of the horſe ſoon brought Sir James to his recollection, but grief and ſhame kept him ſilent.

On their arrival, John attended him as if he had ſtill been in poſſeſſion of his wealth.

"Oh, John!" ſaid Sir James, "how can you behave thus to a man who has treated you ſo ill?" —"You never treated me ill," re-

turned John: "to you and yours we owe all the comfort that ſurrounds us. I heard of your reception at the manor-houſe from poor old William, who went to fetch his clothes, and immediately ſet out in ſearch of you, but had totally given you up, when I did not find you at the town. I little thought to meet you on my return; nor, indeed, ſhould I, had it not been for poor Bluff!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE cold Sir James had taken, added to the agitation of his mind, brought on a fever, which brought him almoſt to the brink of the grave. This interval was ſalutary, as it gave him time to reflect on his paſt follies, and determine on ſome plan for the future. Neither Richard Sutton, his wife, nor ſon, could bear the thought of his removal, and preſſed him warmly to remain with them.

"No, my good friends," replied he, "it does not become the poor to be idle; my day of vanity is paſt, I muſt

I muſt now exert myſelf to gain a livelihood, for never ſhall my follies be a tax on your kindneſs. Thoſe few jewels, that I found among my papers, and which I formerly did not deem worth a thought, are now my whole wealth, and will, I hope, with economy, maintain me until I can place myſelf in ſome humble ſituation, where the world may forget, and I repent of my imprudence."

John was, however, continually planning ſchemes to keep him in the country, and at length propoſed the following. "There is," ſaid he, "ſome land now to let in the next pariſh; and if you, Sir, would let it be taken for you, I

am

am convinced it would afford you a comfortable living; I could manage it, until you learned the method, and we ſhould have the happineſs of keeping you among us."

Sir James approved of the ſcheme, rather than being again thrown into the world, for he had now learned to be doubtful of himſelf, and wiſhed to ſhun temptation; but his pride ſtepped in, and, for a moment, checked the idea.—"Yet," ſaid he, as he reflected on the ſubject, "which is the greateſt diſgrace? the ſquandering my fortune in riot and profuſion; or my honeſtly endeavouring to gain an independent maintenance. My former conduct was a far greater

ſcandal

ſcandal on my rank, than cultivating corn, feeding ſheep, or ſelling hay; I will, therefore, conquer this pride, that ill becomes me; and if I diſhonoured my former ſituation, I will, at leaſt, endeavour to credit this."

Thus reſolved, to the great joy of John, he accepted the offer; the land was taken, and the jewels he was in poſſeſſion of, ſold for one hundred pounds, which ſupplied him with both furniture and ſtock.

On this little eſtate was a comfortable, though ſmall houſe, and Sir James, in a ſhort time, became perfectly reconciled to his ſituation; from the receipt of many hundreds a year, he was now reduced

duced to labour for his daily bread, but the friendſhip and unwearied cares of John rendered his labour light. He now roſe with the earlieſt dawn, and purſued, with diligence, the means of continuing to himſelf ſo much comfort; if he lamented his former proſperity, it was when he had it not in his power to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed.

So true it is, that virtue alone makes us reſpectable, that Sir James, maſter of an affluent fortune, and every elegance that wealth could beſtow, had, in his days of riot and folly, been ſhunned by the reſpectable part of his neighbours; now, how ſtriking was the difference! he had ſcarcely been

two

two years in his little farm, till his change of diſpoſition procured him univerſal eſteem; the gentlemen round the country treated him with reſpect, and even offered their intereſt, if he choſe to endeavour to better his ſituation.

He, however, ſupported himſelf totally independent, and by his good behaviour was greatly beloved by the labourers he employed, who were often heard to declare, that they would ſooner work for him, or John Sutton, than for any one in the neighbourhood, even though they ſhould have leſs pay.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was a circumſtance that frequently hung heavy on his ſpirits, and that was the return of his uncle, who, he feared, would never pardon his imprudence. "I do not wiſh," ſaid he, one day, to John Sutton, "for a reconciliation with my uncle on pecuniary motives: I ever loved him; but in childhood my miſconduct made me dread him; that has now ceaſed, and I could wiſh to live under his eye that, at leaſt, he might witneſs my contrition.—But I dare not encourage ſuch a hope."

Soon after this converſation, he received the news of his uncle's arrival in London, and had nearly relapſed into his former deſpondence, but John ſet out immediately (unknown to him) to meet Captain Manners, and repreſented every thing in the moſt favourable light.

Captain Manners was not a little pleaſed to hear of his nephew's preſent good character from the moſt reſpectable people in the vicinity; and when they met, "If," ſaid he, "you were miſled, James, by the uncontrolled power of too much wealth, at leaſt you have ſupported the contraſt with a firmneſs that does you credit. If your follies

follies are done away, ſo is my anger." Sir James was now at the height of his wiſhes; he had his uncle's pardon, who even condeſcended for awhile to take up his reſidence with him.

About three weeks after Captain Manners' arrival, a ſtranger, one morning, deſired particularly to ſpeak with him, and, on being admitted, after ſome preliminaries, among which was a promiſe of pardon and protection, he acknowledged himſelf to be one of the perſons concerned in plundering Sir James of his property, which he now diſcovered was done by the moſt unjuſtifiable means; that his companions, rendered bold by the long

long poſſeſſion they had maintained, refuſed him his ſhare, which had driven him to confeſs the whole, and throw himſelf on the mercy of Sir James and his uncle.

This information was highly pleaſing to Captain Manners, but he did not venture to diſcloſe it to his nephew, fearful of a diſappointment. The man he immediately took before a magiſtrate, who admitted him an evidence. The reſt were apprehended, and, on their examination, every thing appeared ſo clear againſt them, that the magiſtrate thought fit to commit them to priſon, and did not ſcruple to declare, that Sir James ſhould ſpeedily be reinſtated in his property.

Sir

Sir James, however, knew nothing of the buſineſs, until Captain Manners returned, who ſaid, after dinner, to his nephew, "You have borne adverſity well, James; how do you think you could bear a ſudden reverſe?

"I had, doubtleſs, a right, Sir," replied he, "to bear, with reſignation, the ſituation to which my own extravagance and folly reduced me; for a reverſe," continued he, "I have already proved that I am not to be truſted with wealth, and muſt confeſs I ſhould almoſt dread the temptation."

"The man that is diffident of himſelf," returned Captain Manners, "is rather to be truſted, than

he who is above fear; a confidence in our own ſtrength frequently betrays us; and, I think, I may venture to inform you, that there is an expectation of your being reinſtated in your right, which if it ſhould happen, the future will, I hope, make amends for the paſt."

"Ah! Sir," replied James, "how irreproachable muſt that conduct be, that can baniſh the memory of the paſt?—Your goodneſs may, indeed, prompt you to forgive me, but can the world forget my follies, or can they ever be obliterated from my own memory?"

"A conſtant courſe of rectitude, my dear nephew, will conquer every diſadvantage; but you muſt wiſh

to

to learn what has given riſe to theſe hopes, and I will ſatisfy you without reſerve."

Captain Manners then informed him, what the man, who was admitted evidence againſt the reſt, had declared to the magiſtrate; that the cards and dice with which they played, were all prepared for their purpoſe, ſo that they could not fail to win; that it was their common practice to look out for diſſipated young men, who had more money than experience, and ſtrip them of their property, in which they never failed to ſucceed. —"Spare me, my dear Sir," interrupted Sir James, bluſhing deeply, "I was, indeed, a proper mark; but

but theſe abominable vices, I truſt, will never more ſully my conduct; nay, I ſolemnly declare, that I would prefer the humility in which I now live, to the reſuming my eſtate, were my follies to be reſumed with it. Never did I know the ſweets of acting uprightly and innocently till I dwelt here; and never again will I forfeit the bleſſing of an approving conſcience."

Captain Manners embraced his nephew, ſaying, "Bleſſed, indeed, is he who never ſtrayed from the paths of rectitude, but no leſs favoured is he, who is ſtopped in the full career of vice, and led back to virtue. You will be, I doubt not, hereafter, all my heart can wiſh."

wiſh." The Captain then related the whole buſineſs, and, in the afternoon, with his nephew, attended at the magiſtrate's.

On the ſecond examination of the gamblers, every circumſtance that could tend to criminate them, was ſo clearly laid open, that they were glad to entreat the mercy of their proſecutors, which they, contrary to the wiſh of the magiſtrate, were willing to grant; allowing to each a ſmall ſum of money, on condition of their leaving England for ever; a requiſition gladly complied with, as they feared their detention might be ſpread abroad, and more of their villanies come to light.

CHAPTER XIII.

AS Sir James, with his uncle, returned from the magiſtrate's, the latter ſaid, "I preſume you will give your tenants an entertainment on this ſecond acceſſion to your fortune?"—"My dear Sir," replied Sir James, "I not only mean to do that, but, with your approbation, will forgive all arrears that may be due to the eſtate; it will make theſe poor people ſome compenſation for the oppreſſion they may have ſuſtained. I was the aggreſſor, and alone had a right to ſuffer. It is only living more prudently

for

for a little while, and I can well afford to make them this amends."

"Our diſpoſitions will now aſſimulate," replied Captain Manners, "and I muſt inſiſt on bearing my ſhare of the burthen: uſe my property as your own." Sir James gratefully thanked his uncle, then added, "I have one duty, my dear Sir, to fulfil, without which I cannot enter my own houſe with ſatisfaction; it is to call on Richard Sutton; will you favour me with your company?"

The Captain expreſſed his approbation, and with his nephew took the way to Sutton's farm. The honeſt family, having heard the news, with exultation ran to meet

meet their landlord, whom they congratulated with unfeigned pleaſure.

"My good friends," ſaid Sir James, "I know not how I can ever make you amends for the diſintereſted kindneſs you have ſhewn me; the debt of gratitude can never be repaid, but my pecuniary obligations muſt be diſcharged; I therefore preſent you with this farm, and the land appertaining to it, for ever. Nay, no thanks, (for Richard attempted to ſpeak) it ſhall be as I ſay."

"My good Sir," replied John, his eyes overflowing with tears, "pardon me, but your fortune is impaired, and, at leaſt, ſtay until

that is recruited before you think of us."

"Prudence, John," returned Sir James, "and a little of your aſſiſtance, will ſpeedily make good all my loſſes. I mean to have all the waſte land on my eſtate cultivated; it will employ the poor, and at the ſame time enrich myſelf."

"It will, indeed, Sir;" anſwered John, "long have I wiſhed to ſee that done; but in what were you pleaſed to ſay I could be of ſervice?"

"Did you not manage the land, that gave me bread in my diſtreſs?" returned he, "and will you not oblige me, by taking on you the care of the agricultural part of my eſtate?"

"Your goodneſs, Sir, overpowers me," replied John; "with the bleſſing of Heaven, I will do my duty, and give you no cauſe to repent the truſt you repoſe in me."

Captain Manners and his nephew then took leave of the farmer and his wife; John, at their deſire, accompanying them to the manor-houſe. As they left the farmer's, they were met by Bluff, who received his old maſter with as much pleaſure, as if he had underſtood his reverſe of fortune. Bluff's careſſes were not a jot more ceremonious than when he found him almoſt periſhing on the ground.

"And thee, my honeſt friend, Bluff, I muſt again obtain, before I can

I can be reconciled to myſelf," ſaid Sir James, patting his rough back, "never more, I truſt, ſhall I threaten to ſhoot thee on ſuch an occaſion."

"My dear maſter," interrupted John, "why will you recal ſubjects that ought to be buried in oblivion?" As he ſpoke, they reached the gate of the manor-houſe; the late intruders had all forſaken it, and Sir James, to his great ſatisfaction, found his wiſhes anticipated, for all the old domeſtics were waiting to receive him, with tears of joy, Captain Manners having ſent for them. He ſhook each by the hand, and they followed him into the houſe, where every thing was

ſo

ſo ſpeedily arranged, that a ſtranger would hardly have ſuppoſed them to have been abſent.

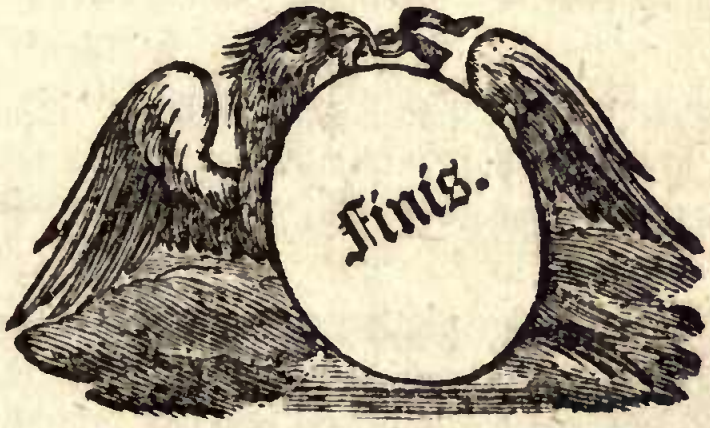
John was appointed ſteward of the eſtate, a truſt that he performed with profit to Sir James, and credit to himſelf; for though he grew rich, it was with honeſty, and by the bounty of his maſter.

Bluff, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, took his place by the parlour fire whenever he pleaſed, and lived univerſally careſſed to a very advanced age.

It now only remains to obſerve, that no family in the vicinity was regulated with greater prudence than Sir James's, and that the whole courſe of his future life was exemplary.

exemplary. He was a comfort to the declining age of his uncle, a humane maſter to his domeſtics, and a friend to the poor.

" Happy is the man who, in the time of health and ſtrength, ſees and reforms the errors of his ways; but much more happy he, who has no paſt errors, no crimes to repent of. How unmixed and ſincere muſt his joys be!"



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